

Martin Robertson

Stones

One hurt by one he loves hurts those that love him,
spreading (circles from stone dropped in water)
pain; and worse (last
worst twist and waste)
transmutation of love to cruelty.

I see
the final bomb fall wide in open ocean
—harmless? Look—circles of desert spread:
seas and rivers, all water, sap, blood,
all springs of earth and life dried soon,
leaving a dusty cavernous lump gaping
at the sun, at the dead moon, dead as the moon.